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Tuesday Feb 16<sup>th</sup> 1866



ROYAL

**Lycæum Theatre.**

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SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER,

Mr.

*HENRY IRVING.*

—:O:—

**FAUST.**



THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1886,

AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT O'CLOCK,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

# FAUST.

In Five Acts, adapted and arranged for the Lyceum Theatre,  
from the First Part of Goethe's Tragedy, by  
W. G. WILLS.

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## MORTALS.

Faust	...	...	...	...	Mr. ALEXANDER.
Valentine	(Margaret's Brother)	...	...	...	Mr. F. TYARS.
Frosch	...	...	...	...	Mr. HARBURY.
Altmayer	...	...	...	...	Mr. HAVILAND.
Brander	...	...	...	...	Mr. ARCHER.
Siebel	...	...	...	...	Mr. JOHNSON.
Student	...	...	...	...	Mr. N. FORBES.
Burgomaster	...	...	...	...	Mr. H. HOWE.
Citizens	...	...	...	...	{ Mr. HELMSLEY.
					{ Mr. LOUTHER.
Soldier	...	...	...	...	Mr. M. HARVEY.
Martha	(Margaret's Neighbour)	...	...	...	Mrs. STIRLING.
Bessy	...	...	...	...	Miss L. PAYNE.
Ida	...	...	...	...	Miss BARNETT.
Alice	...	...	...	...	Miss COLERIDGE.
Catherin	...	...	...	...	Miss MILLS.
Margaret	...	...	...	...	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

## SPIRITS.

Mephistopheles	...	...	...	...	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Witches	...	...	...	...	{ Mr. MEAD.
					{ Mr. CARTER.
					{ Mr. FORREST.
					{ Mr. CLIFFORD.

Soldiers, Students, Citizens, Witches, &c.

## Synopsis of Scenery.

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### ACT I.

- Scene 1. FAUST'S STUDY - - - - W. Telbin.  
Scene 2. NUREMBERG.—ST. LORENZ-PLATZ - - W. Telbin.

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### ACT II.

- Scene 1. NUREMBERG —MARGARET'S CHAMBER - Hawes Craven.  
Scene 2. NUREMBERG.—THE CITY WALL - - Hawes Craven.  
Scene 3. NUREMBERG.—MARTHA'S HOUSE - - Hawes Craven.  
Scene 4. NUREMBERG —MARTHA'S GARDEN - - Hawes Craven.  
Scene 5. TREES AND MOUNTAINS - - - - W. Telbin.  
Scene 6. NUREMBERG.—MARGARET'S GARDEN - Hawes Craven.

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### ACT III.

- Scene. NUREMBERG —STREET BY CHURCH . - Hawes Craven.

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### ACT IV.

- Scene. SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN - - - - W. Telbin.

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### ACT V.

- Scene. NUREMBERG.—DUNGEON - - - - W. Telbin.

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*The Interval after each Act is as follows :—*

1st Act, 6 Minutes ; 2nd Act, 12 Minutes ; 3rd Act, 15 Minutes ;  
4th Act, 12 Minutes.



*The Incidental Music has been specially composed by Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE and Mr. MEREDITH BALL, and Selections have been made from the Works of BERLIOZ, LASSEN and BEETHOVEN, arranged by Mr. MEREDITH BALL for the Orchestra.  
Organist, Mr. READ. The Choir under the direction of Mr. MAUNDER.*

#### Overtures and Entr'actes:

1 Overture .. ..	"Faust" .. ..	Lindpaintner.
2 Ungarische Tänze ..	.. ..	Dvořák.
3 Rhapsodie Hongroise ..	.. ..	F. Liszt.
4 Entr'acte .. ..	"Mephistopheles" .. ..	Hamilton Clarke.
5 Entr'acte .. ..	"Erl King" .. ..	Schubert.

*Scenery by Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN, W. CUTHBERT, S. HALL, M. BALLARD, and W. TELBIN.*

*The Costumes by AUGUSTE et Cie., and Mrs. REID and assistant's.  
Perruquier, Mr. FOX. The appointments by Mr. ARNOTT. Machinist, Mr. KNIGHT.*

Stage Manager	...	...	...	Mr. H. J. LOVEDAY.
Musical Director	...	...	...	Mr. MEREDITH BALL.
Acting Manager	..	...	...	Mr. BRAM STOKER.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. IRVING begs to say, in answer to numerous Letters, that only a limited number of Seats for the Lyceum Theatre are in the hands of the Libraries. Seats can be frequently Booked at the Box Office of the Theatre when not obtainable elsewhere.

The Bill of the Play is in every part of the House supplied without charge.

No Fees of any kind are permitted, and Mr. IRVING trusts that in his endeavour to carry out this arrangement, he may rely on the co-operation of the Public, who are requested, should there be any cause of complaint, or especial satisfaction, to refer at once to the Acting Manager.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.15. PERFORMANCE COMMENCES AT 7.45.  
CARRIAGES AT 10.50.

Opera Glasses can be had on Hire from the Cloak-room Attendants, One Shilling each, in all parts of the House.

### NO FEES OF ANY KIND.

Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s. 6d.; Upper Circle, 4s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, £2 2s. to £4 4s.

Box Office open 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH HURST, of whom Seats can be Booked for Five Weeks in advance, also by Letter.

## "FAUST."

*The following, from the pen of Mr. EDWARD R. RUSSELL, M.P. for Glasgow, has appeared in the Liverpool "Daily Post," of which he is the Editor.*

"'Mediævalism incarnate' wrote one on his playbill at the Lyceum Theatre, and next morning, opening by chance 'Euophorion,' he found that Vernon Lee had described 'Faust' as 'the impersonated Middle Ages.' So it is in the book in spite of the eighteenth century doubt that is cunningly infused into it. So it is still more in the Lyceum performance, because the figure of 'the spirit who denies' is kept utterly and positively mediæval, and lives before us in that form. His visage might be copied from some miserere or knocker of the Cathedral around which Mephistopheles limps and hovers. He is the incarnation of whatever was supernaturally malign in the ideas of the dark ages of faith. For nothing else could he be taken. The admixture of later moral scepticism is less anachronistic than it is in Goethe, because the Evil One as contemporary with mediæval men and scenes is more vividly before our sight. In previous impersonations, however able, this essential quality has been less conspicuous.

"Mephistopheles has too often been a mocking, debonnair French devil. The upward dart of a droll pointed moustache has been modern and whimsical and masqueradish. The manner has corresponded. Satan, as it were, has seemed to be 'out on the spree,' his banter playful, his tone jocose. One almost expected him to turn out of the Grand Opera, to take a *voiture*, to drive home to an *entresol* on the Boulevard des Italiens, and to smoke a cigarette on the sofa before doffing his red habiliments and slipping into bed. Irving suggests no such associations, but quite others. His headgear sports the defiant cock's feather, and it is a quick ensign of fiendhood, but there is no other concession to gaiety or convention of fashion. This lurid vermilion being is a power of darkness; visible as such, audible as such, according to the ideas of the time which he realizes and identifies; not because he would have been found mingling with people of that century any more than with ourselves, but because such as he is he is the very devil whom those men and women might have expected to meet if ever the Prince of Darkness had crossed their path. This is the great strength of the representation.

"When men joke about Mr. Wills's play being a translation of the opera libretto, they speak, as Miss Nightingale once said, 'from the teeth outwards.' They describe in terms which they deem smart a performance which they have expected to see, and which they have not been sharp enough to discern that they have not seen. Some eyes, we know, can only behold what they anticipate. If Mr. Wills had adapted the libretto or done his dramatising in the spirit of the piece in which Charles Kean was so effective, he might have made a better acting play. This is

rather a weird poem thrown baldly into prose. But the adapter has scarcely once let go Goethe's garments, and Goethe himself is advantaged so far as it is good for a poet to pass dramatically into the concrete without losing his individual truth.

"The especial features of Mr. Irving's rendering of Mephistopheles which support this element of the play are not easily describable, and it is an ill office to spoil his effects by attempting to put them in words on paper. What is most impressive besides the biting sardonic wit of the demon is the atmosphere of doom and badness which is with great art sustained around him without apparent effort by the actor's vivid instinct. We feel surprised that Faust should feel it so little, and practically heed it not at all; and when Margaret always sickens and chokes in it, her doing so seems the most natural thing in the world, and quite relieves the moral sense.

"One thing in the conversation of Mephistopheles pierces to the thoughtful listener's very marrow. It is the smiling scorn the devil shows for all scruples which he knows will be overcome. Faust reflects aloud on the dreadfulness of the guilt of leading Margaret astray. She is awaiting him. You might suppose, if you did not know human nature, that the self-reproaching lover would walk off in the opposite direction. Mephistopheles does understand human nature. 'Get in, you moral rake, and dry her tears,' says he to his victim; and then you see, as Mephistopheles several times boasts, how little temptation besides devilish opportunity is needed to draw men into sin. The delivery of the words just cited, and of all others of like cynical tenor by Mr. Irving, is most expressive. 'I am myself,' he says in one place, 'an exemplary Christian,' and all the quintessence of profane belief is concentrated in his tone and accents. Demeanour, attitude, and, above all, facial expression, which is obviously caused automatically by the thought, not mechanically by the will, greatly strengthens all that is achieved by fit and pregnant elocution.

"The imperturbability of the fiend is wonderfully combined, too, with a keen sensitiveness equally essential to the character. Take as an illustration of the whole the scene of Faust's duel with Margaret's brother, beginning with the truly demoniac ballad which Mephistopheles chants to the viol. How light, yet grave the manner; how polished, yet how quivering; how masterly the sword parryings, from which flashes forth the electric current; how ghastly the comic heartlessness of the lamenting, long-drawn ironic 'Oh' over Valentine's body; how swift and mandatory the urging of Faust from the scene; and then what a remorseless culmination in the intoned suggestions of the evil spirit as Margaret kneels in the great church imploring the Virgin's aid!

"In a lighter vein the intercourse with old Martha is perfect. The ingratiating, polite but restrained gallantry of the elderly-travelled gentleman, who has not quite ceased to make a point of being agreeable to the ladies, is of the very highest comedy, and, of course, it is admirably played up to by Mrs. Stirling. Even in all this, however, the mediæval key is always predominant. It is diabolism, not *diablerie*.

"By the same standard and with the same result we judge the great Brocken scene, the Walpurgis night revels, which are represented with magnificent effect.



Here failure might have been reasonably foretold. How comes success? By making the conditions of the scene compatible with faith. To this end every supernatural appearance has to be softened as it were by chosen light and faultless mechanism, so as to save the imagination all petty difficulties. Then the spectator is awed by the vast and noble rugged crags of the scene, which prepare him for much. The toilsome ascent of Mephistopheles and Faust carry on the illusion, and when the Evil One stands on the precipice from which his guest shrinks cowering back, a mastery is established over the fancy which prepares for more than mere spectacular sensation. Forms weird but squalid begin to congregate and jibber. There is somehow a power in their coarse humanness, as well as in their *rapproch* with the nether powers. Their language, too, is daringly idiomatic and common. 'Demonology and witchcraft' are here brought craftily and courageously together. At a word of the devil-prince all is mountain solitude. At another word all is witches' sabbath and wild revel. Yet not rough, for the stage-manager knows where to ease the task of fancy and how to be vague where too great clearness would disenthral. And so the rout runs high. And Mephistopheles, seated on a rock in front, is fondled by two queer juvenile seeming creatures, for whom he appears to have, and they for him, an affection that curdles the beholder.

"The meaning of it all? The sapient think the scene superfluous. Is it so in Goethe? Were it here mere spectacle, faulty and jarring as most spectacle is, superfluous it would doubtless be. What is it besides spectacle? To reply would be to dogmatize impertinently. Different persons will see different things in it, and some may only see a ballet of witches and devils, terminating in the most wonderful transformation of the whole inanimate prospect into glowing incandescent, hot-coal masses, the production of which is surely a startling advance in the scene-painter's art. But there is more; much more.

"To say so may seem odd, but there are many scenes on the stage the only true vindication and interpretation of which is spiritual. Playgoers are unspiritual people, but the great powers and forces of historic feeling and belief are spiritual, and the imagination must be spiritually stirred if its depths are to be reached. This Brocken scene does reach and move the depths. It is surely an apologue of mystic evil in its odd and bizarre associations with the human lot. An eccentric conception, but a true one, is created by these strange wild creatures, who yet bear traces and give proofs that when not revelling they frequent the haunts of men. And in their hellish mirth and reckless leapings in the mysterious half-light we hear and see the weak things of wickedness by which the mighty of virtue are cruelly confounded. We give ourselves up to the sense of flaunting fate and shrieking triumphant malediction. We remember, if we are wise, that though witches are not and devils are not believed in, human nature is still at the mercy of incantations as horrible and possessions as absurd as any of the older world; and when Margaret's white-robed figure glides in brightness across the distance, with the thin red knife-mark round her throat, the consciousness comes home that tragedy has never yet been divorced from indulgence, and that if the seductions of sense have survived from the wreck of the old civilisations, the world-encompassing mystery of evil influences has survived too, and even become more meshed and intricate, and doom still follows where lust has led.

"A strange transition by retrospect to Margaret's little room, where she sang her ballad and soliloquised about the handsome young stranger, too high for her thoughts, and found the jewels and arrayed herself beyond the brightest dreams of her girlish thoughts! Artistically, this scene, and the prison scene, are more finished, and perhaps greater than anything else Miss Ellen Terry has done. Watch the nicety and continuous by-play of the bedroom episode, so ingeniously yet naturally contrived as to relieve and repay at every point the spectator's attention to its simple and ordinary details.

"But the great charm of this Margaret is her observance of the proper limitations of the character. This involves one of Goethe's boldest secrets. Mr. Wills has been true to it. Miss Terry, heroine of so much in other plays that was *spirituel* and sprightly and intellectual, is true to it, too; true by artistic self-abnegation. This truth to the spirit of the original is a marked merit of the whole representation. Some excuse and some condemn it for having so modified Goethe as to make 'Faust' actable. Well and good; but it is 'Faust' in letter, in spirit, and histrionically. 'The hands that trundle the mop on Saturday will caress you best on Sunday.' That, writing from memory, is Goethe's keynote for Margaret. Her simplicity, her sole occupation in domesticities, the very ordinary servant-girl cast of her fancy even when stirred towards love, the barrenness of her conversation, the absence of discriminative or resistant power in the company of a worldly friend, combined with loveliness of form, ladyhood of manners, and a strange essential purity of heart that secures condonation for her offences from every kindly judge—these are the definitions of Margaret, so far as she can be defined; and this girl, not any Beatrice or Rosalind, was the enslaver of the learned Faust.

"It is an over true tale. Over true especially where in the insanity of the prison scene Margaret laments amid her straw—'He was so good, so kind, so true.' To play such a part with the needful restraint requires great judgment in a brilliant actress. Miss Terry has never shown sounder inspiration. The charm that captivates the Lyceum audience is the charm that has captivated Faust, and the charm that in imagination captivated Goethe. What more can be said, except that where passion and pathos are required they are finely forthcoming. Few can hear Margaret's appeal to the Mother of all sorrows without yielding to tears, and the scene in the prison cell is noble, natural, heart-rending, as well as designed with the most careful artistic prevision.

"The decoration of the whole piece is very appropriate and striking. The architecture of Nuremburg, the gardens, the skies, the cathedral, realise thoroughly and without garishness the beauty of the old world scene. The bells are beautiful. The music is in accord with the sentiment, and the present writer owns that instead of longing for Gounod—which he loves at Covent Garden—the operatic airs and marches would have discomposed for him the thoroughly original effect. As for the Brocken scene, that is a triumph *sui generis* which crowns the already splendid fame of Telbin."